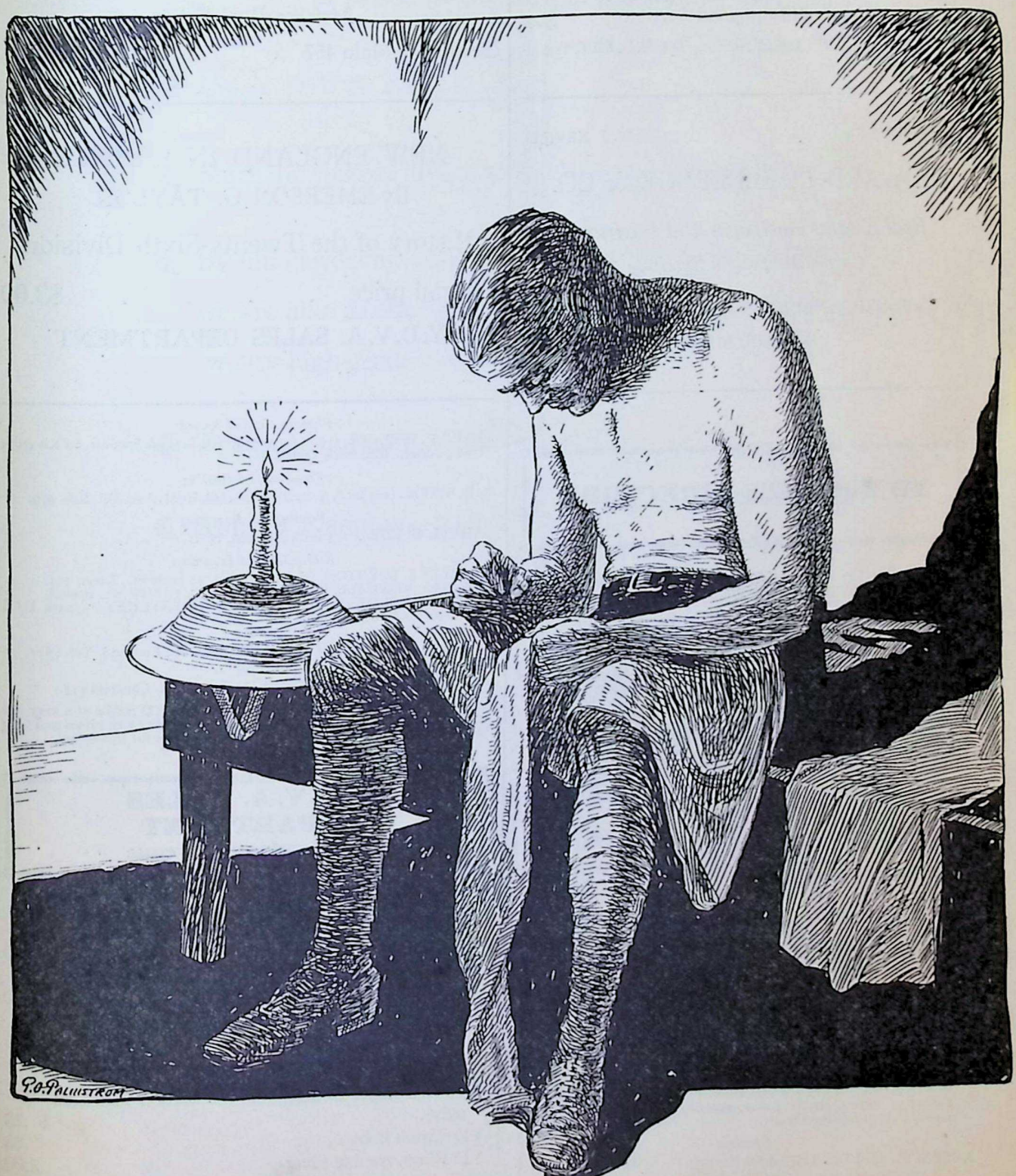
Yankee Doings

Vol. V Boston, Mass. October, 1924 No. 8



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Application for Membership

RECOGNIZING the obligation and privilege of veterans of the 26th (Yankee) Division, A.E.F., to maintain the Memorial to our dead, to provide a liaison center and rendezvous of the living, and to assemble and preserve divisional records and relics, I herewith make application for membership in the Yankee Division Veterans Association. I understand this to include subscription to "Yankee Doings" and the privileges of membership in the YD Club of Boston. I enclose initiation fee and dues for the fiscal year ending April 1, 1925.

(*Signature*) .....

Name (Please Print) .....

Unit and Rank .....

Residence .....

Business Address .....

Mailing Address .....

Date .....

(Please fill in fully and legibly; these records are frequently consulted by comrades seeking this information.)

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

WUXTRA! WUXTRA!

Bridgeport Boy's Barrage Banishes YD Banner from Building of New Britain Bamboozler!

The correspondence, which tells its own story, is as follows:

* * * *

TO THE MAYOR, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.:

Complaints have been entered at the headquarters of the Yankee Division Veterans' Association regarding a so-called YD poolroom on Arch Street, New Britain.

It is described as a disreputable looking place with oil-cloth across the windows and dirty curtains inside, operated by a Greek who was not in the service but who had a brother in the Greek Army.

The YD insignia was won at too great a sacrifice by the boys of New England to have it capitalized by an ungrateful alien, especially in this disgraceful way.

L. R. BARLOW, (Vice-Pres. Y.D.V.A.)

Bridgeport, Conn., September 11, 1924.

* * * *

L. R. BARLOW, ESQ.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Regarding the YD poolroom on Arch Street, I beg to advise that an officer from this department visited the place and had the owner remove the YD sign from the window and clean up the place.

If you should receive further complaints about this place, I will revoke his license.

WILLIAM C. GRANT (Chief of Police).

New Britain, Conn., September 30, 1924.

VERY LIGHT VERSE

By Fuller P. Nard

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,
When the cut-throat isn't busy with his crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And to listen to the merry village chime.

—GILBERT.

When a YD man has done his daily mission,
When he's finished his appointed task or feat,
He loves to recollect the old Division
And may even condescend to read this sheet.

When the editor has pasted up his copy
In an effort to amuse his fellow Yanks,
His product may perhaps seem sad and sloppy,
But at that, the sucker's only pay is "thanks."

When your jingleer has polished off a jingle
And prepares for next month's offering sublime,
He doesn't search for themes that glow and tingle,—
He just scratches for a couple words that rhyme.

—FULLER.

YD OFFICIAL PHOTOS

JACK S. CONNOLLY (Div. Hq.) has furnished the Association with a complete list of the Official War Department photographs dealing with activities of the 26th Division. The list is too long to publish in DOINGS, though it may be possible to run it serially if requests are received. The pictures may be obtained from the Photographic Section, Signal Corps, Washington, at fifteen cents each. The list may be consulted at Y.D.V.A. headquarters.

Connolly is the live-wire assistant of Will Hays, and Washington representative of the movie association.

NO KINFOLK?

More light upon the identity of the mysterious Fuller P. Nard. Two new relatives have been discovered by our observing readers. "Ira Nard, Plymouth" appeared in a newspaper ad among endorsers of RUSS HARMON'S senatorial candidate. The other hails from the land of pinard, and is no other than Epi-Nard, the Spark Plug of France. Fuller himself is said to be attending the N.A.R.D. convention in Washington, and not worrying over the possible contesting of his estate, if any.

Any others?

LOTTA CRABTREE

The Yankee Division has lost a true friend by the death of Miss Lotta Crabtree, which occurred September 26. The YD Club of Boston treasures a number of beautiful gifts from her among its furnishings. General Edwards, a long time friend and idol of Miss Crabtree, is named in her will as an executor of the estate.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Editor Sandy took his hat and announced that he was leaving on his vacation. He left DOINGS, he said, ready for press. So it was, except "Between Ourselves" which happens to be the only part of the paper the editor has anything to do with anyway. Hence the pinch-hitter. Never saw one yet who didn't fan.

* * * *

We are going to talk business. Sandy may duck it,—good luck to him. But just now the Y. D. V. A. is up to its neck. You guessed it,—Greeting Cards. Doubtless you have received your sample of our wares and have duly remitted therefor one crisp frogskin. If you failed to register instant delight, you are entitled to these words on your tombstone: He Was a Man in a Million.

* * * *

Maybe you didn't quite *compree*. Fact is, we were jolly well fed up on the "poor but honest" state. Referring solely to the "poor" part. So we tumbled to Uncle Sam's advice and determined to lay up something for the long cold winter. For one thing, DOINGS can stand a few more frills; and it always has cost a bit more than you pay for it.

* * * *

Results to date have been extraordinary. And we have barely got started. It would warm your heart to cast an eye upon the hundreds of messages of praise, of thanks, and of congratulation that have come in from everywhere. If we printed some of the testimonials, poor old Lydia Pinkham would turn over in her grave. Better still, hundreds have sent in repeat orders for *beaucoup* boxes, and are passing the tip along to their friends.

* * * *

We can stand a lot of boosting. Show your box to your acquaintances and tell them where you got it. Everybody's doing it. We can accommodate them all.

* * * *

One thrifty member, who knows a good thing when he sees it, immediately took orders from twenty-five of his office associates. A number of the latter have already ordered boxes for their pals. A sort of endless chain. Dozens have ordered five or ten boxes. Everyone who has seen rival offers by commercial firms agrees that ours is the best beyond comparison.

* * *

You tell 'em.

SAY, REMEMBER THE TIME?

This is one of a series of thumbnail sketches, recalling typical scenes and experiences we had together in "them days that are gone forever." They are taken from the diary of one of us.

III.

A certain per cent of the Division went through the camp at Southampton and will, no doubt, recall the place. While our outfit was there one unfortunate occupant of our tent came down with measles. The rest of us, seven in number, were transferred to the casual camp, on another part of the grounds, and detained three weeks in quarantine. We were detached from our own regiment and handed over to the tender mercies of the marines who commanded the camp. A few of our experiences follow:

The casual camp, consisting as it does of men from various units, does not line up for mess in the usual manner; but instead, each outfit represented sends a man up to the kitchen to draw the rations. And right here is where Mac's massive bean commences to function. He and I usually go up together to the kitchen door. I drop a little behind and keep out of sight. Mac then says, "Nine men, 101st Engineers."

The marine, one of the few decent ones there, looks on his list. "Only seven men," he answers.

"What?" Mac yells. "I tell you there's nine!"

So the K. P. changes the figure to nine and that battle is won. It remained nine on his list till the day we left and thus two extra rations were gained.

Then I play my part. I walk up and say, "Seven men, 101st Engineers."

"One guy of your bunch has just been here."

"Not our bunch," I answer. "Where is he?"

He points out Mac and we look each other over without a gleam of recognition.

"What company are you from?" I ask him. He answers A or D, or whatever comes into his mind except F.

Then I explain to the marine that that accounts for it. I am drawing for F Company men. By this time he is so balled up that he gives me seven more rations.

A little way from the kitchen we join each other, go down to the tent, to be slapped on the back by five more hungry men who now have sixteen rations to devour.

GIVE HIM TIME

(Boston Traveler, October 1, 1924)

London tailors may be a bit slow, but they are thorough and painstaking in their work.

General Clarence R. Edwards asked Gen. Logan, while the latter was abroad, to call at a London tailor's and get an army overcoat left there in the hurry of departure six years ago to have some buttons sewed on. The tailor did not have it ready when Gen. Edwards had to sail.

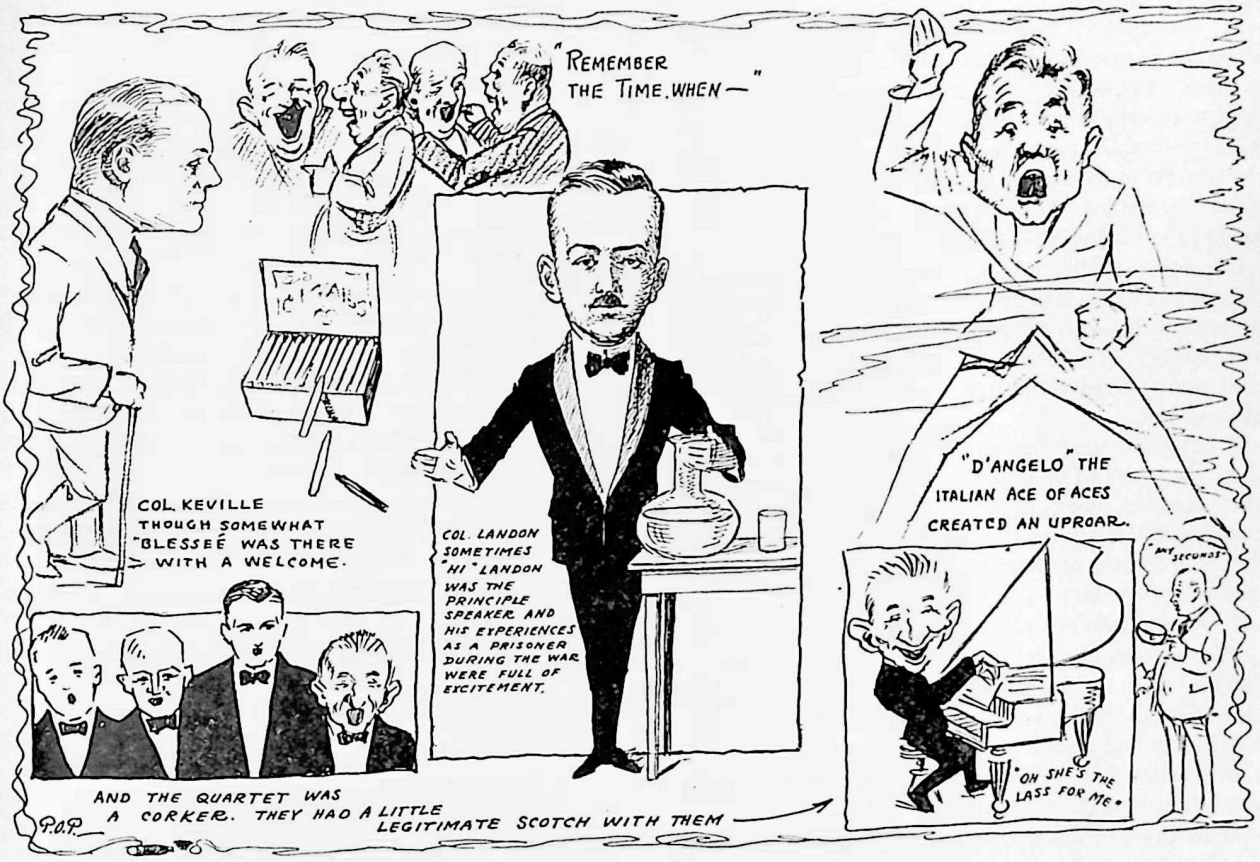
When Gen. Logan came down the gangplank of the *Samaria* today, almost the first person he met was Gen. Edwards. He demanded the overcoat.

"Haven't got it," replied Logan with true military brevity.

"Why not?" inquired his former chief.

"The tailor said he hadn't it quite finished," Logan replied.

SMOKER SIDELIGHTS



It was a tough night for FRANK McCANN, trying to find chairs enough to seat the crowd. Looked for a while as if some would have to stand.

Colonel "HI" LANDON in soup-and-fish wasn't quite alone. The quartet was also arrayed like the lilies of the field.

They always line up for seconds on Bill's sandwiches and coffee.

It isn't every evening, even in the best little Club, that you can meet Italy's foremost aviator face to face.

President BILLY KEVILLE'S speech didn't last long, but he said something. Anyway, not many words were needed to make it evident that the Club is in for a big season. One look around the hall told the story.

The advance notice said . . . "not the kind of cigars you usually get at smokers." There *was* a different name on the box.

It looked like "Hi" had a suspicion there was only water in that carafe. He eyed it thoughtfully several times, but proceeded without sampling it.

But the Ace of Aces took a chance.

Before the big show commenced, Bill SnYDer did a rushing business in Christmas post-cards.

Sorry for those that missed it. Don't know as there'll be any Scotch next time. It was the real stuff, too.

Buddy MAURICE THOMPSON of the YD Club of Brockton was seen trying to pilot a cup of coffee to a safe corner.

COLONEL KING, chairman of the entertainment committee, presided in person and if this Smoker was a sample of what he has up his sleeve, more power to him.

As usual, there were many young reunions around the sandwich table.

COLONEL LANDON sure took us along with him. As he told of Fritzie's counter attack, if a car had blown a tire in front of the building everybody would have ducked.

It seems to be harder than ever to "keep him down on the farm." There were many ideas of how it should be done—or sung rather.

See you next time.

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRIES

Never Mix Language

Perhaps one of the most potent causes for laughter in the A. E. F. was found in the difficulty which beset the average Yank in making himself understandable to the French who for the first time had come into contact with the American troops.

At Coetquidan, Napoleon's ancient artillery range where the YD artillery trained, one of the best stories finds its scene. YD artillery men will remember that to the north of the gun field, water tower and stables there rested on the crest of the slope leading down to the group of huts which collectively formed St. Malo, a *gallerie militaire* where everything from manufactured "*sovenire de la guerre*" to foodstuff was to be purchased.

Our outfit—Battery A of the 103d—in common with the other batteries, had been existing for some weeks on a watery concoction dignified by the name of stew, which was but slightly relieved by coffee sans sugar and milk, dry bread and a sliver of bacon. Most of us were hungry,—likewise broke.

Art Frey and the writer enterprisingly collected a surplus of wool sweaters which would not fit and, by a dint of hard work, sold our collection to the French soldiers who were guarding Boche prisoners at the adjacent prison camp, for the small fortune of twenty francs. We hoped that, as a reward for our efforts, we might purchase some jam, bread and *biere* and thus live a little better than our buddies.

Biere and bread were easy to get at St. Malo, but for jam we had to stop at the *Gallerie Militaire* over the destinies of which presided an unusually beautiful and agreeable French maiden who was not yet well enough acquainted with Americans to understand them. She possibly thought them rude, rough cavemen from the land of barbarians.

With this preliminary, you may better appreciate the conversation which ensued when Art finally reached the counter, extending trustfully a five-franc note:

"M'selle, voulez vous donner some jam, 'see vous plai'," he asked, with the obvious air of a deed well done.

Uncomprehending, or perhaps astonished, the young lady stared back at him, "Vous voulez—?"

"Jam, jam, jam, jam," broke in Art, substituting the power of repetition for whatever deficiencies existed in his French.

The young lady—her face a riot of fear, astonishment, laughter and incredulity—finally managed to gasp, defensively it seemed:

"Mais non, M'sieur. C'est impossible. Pas de tout, de tout."

Still insistent and on the trail of the altogether necessary jam, Art continued: "Mais oui. Donnez moi jamb, *jam!* Je paie 'zank frank'."

Mademoiselle, seeing that further verbal resistance was hopeless and perhaps feeling that Americans had best be humored, threw up her hands in mock despair, exclaiming, "Ces Americains! Ces Americains! Si vous voulez, M'sieur!'

After which, with one hand extended for the five-franc note, she rather shyly reached down and delicately lifted the bottom of her dress above her knee, exposing a well-modeled nether limb.

Just about then I had thumbed through my dictionary in time to find out that the word for jam was *confiture*, and then our young lady responded readily enough to that "open sesame" to our desires.

Later, over the third mug of *biere* and the fourth jam-and-bread sandwich, Art was busily engaged with another page of the dictionary, committing to memory the following: "Jambe (Fr.) (Plural, Jambes) meaning leg, limb, a part of the human body," etc.

—Burton Harrington (103rd F. A.), Chicago, Ill.

Laugh This Off

Coming home on the *S.S. Matsonia* with a casual company, I had the best laugh ever.

The looey in charge fought the war in the S. O. S., training artillery, and, of course, was right there with the old discipline.

His famous battlecry was, "You can't stand there!"

No matter where we were, he was positive that was the one spot where we were not allowed to stand.

We ran into some rough weather and had to watch our step in order to stand anywhere. One day a group was on deck a short distance from a hatchway which had three steps leading to the deck.

Our little Napoleon was just emerging and, as he put his foot on the top step, the ship rolled and he finished his journey sitting up.

As one man, the half dozen casuals shouted, "You can't sit there!"

—W. G. Saunders (C Co., 104th Inf.)

(Telephone Conversation: G. W. T. versus French Operator)

Mlle.: "Alo."

G. W. T.: "Alo, mamselle, donnez moi la guerre."

Mlle.: "Comment?"

G. W. T.: "Donnez moi la guerre!"

Mlle. (in astonished voice): "La guerre?"

G. W. T.: "Oui. Je veux la guerre toute-de-suite!"

Mlle.: "Vous demandez la guerre, monsieur?"

G. W. T.: "Oui, oui, oui. Taisez vous, et donnez moi la guerre!"

Mlle.: "Oh monsieur, comprend pas!"

G. W. T.: "Comprend pas? *Comprend pas?* Mademoiselle, comprenez vous francais?"

Mlle.: "Certainment!!! Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?"

G. W. T.: "*"'¶*Why do you talk so much? *Donnez moi la guerre! !*"

Mlle.: "Mais, monsieur, pourquois vous voulez la guerre?"

G. W T. (to one side): "Hear her talk!" (Aloud) "Je desire parler avec le lieutenant—stupid French! !"

Mlle.: "Le lieutenant a la guerre ! ? ! Monsieur, *quel* lieutenant?"

G. W. T. (in disgust): "Mademoiselle, *s'il vous plait*, DONNEZ MOI LA GUERRE-G-A-R-E—guerre! !" (Aside) "Darn fool, she won't give me the station! !"

Mlle.: "Oh, m'sieur, vous voulez la *gare* et vous avez demande la guerre. Ha, ha, oh monsieur, c'est drole, ca! Attendez—voici le lieutenant."

Beaucoup laughter from tel. girl.

Beaucoup cussing from G. W. T.

Back Through Old Sectors (VII)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

That night found me at Terretet, near the old Castle of Chillon, at the end of Lake Geneva. The boat ride had been most delightful. The shores rise up to snowclad peaks that melt into the clouds.

The old castle made famous by Lord Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," was built in the twelfth century, is in good condition, and is likely to stand through many more ages to come.

For a small fee I was taken through the many halls and the dungeon where the famous prisoner was chained for so many years,—a gruesome place. The Swiss are reclaiming all their old castles and dressing them with the furniture that was used in the period.

From there I was hurried to Zermatt, the highest town in Switzerland and just at the foot of the Matterhorn. The train climbed all day through magnificent country, and arrived in the late afternoon at the funny little village with top-heavy houses.

Here a guide met me and nearly talked me into climbing the Matterhorn, but fortunately for me some Englishmen whom I met on the train rescued me in time. They opened their Baedeker and showed me that only the most proficient climbers should attempt it. As I had never "clum an Alp," I decided to try a smaller one first.

But I did the next best thing in taking the funicular to the top of the Gornergrat, which is the neighboring peak and which has a hotel.

Just imagine sleeping on the top of the world, up in the sky. But you don't sleep much,—the air is too rare at that altitude. And it's cold.

The little hotel had a genial warmth. A good fire was blazing and, after a fine dinner, everybody got sociable and had a good laugh at me when I told them I had considered climbing the Matterhorn.

They took the water away from me again and I was reduced to wine. I asked the waitress for water but she said, "You can't have water." "But," I said, "I just had a glass of water. I found a bottle in my room."

She said nothing but smiled and the Greek consul's wife, who spoke English, leaned over and said, "You drank your tooth brush water." So I took to drink again.

At some uncanny hour in the morning, somebody rapped on my door and said something in German. I paid no attention to it although I heard everybody being called in the same way.

After some time I noticed the sunlight just circling the tip of the Matterhorn which I could see from my bed. Then I understood. I jumped for my clothes and in a moment had enough to cover the law.

Running out back, I found the whole crowd watching the sunrise. It was an odd sight and the sun rising over the snow was good to see.

My idea, after breakfast, was to walk over to the Matterhorn and climb it from there, which was almost on a level with the top, when I found that it was fifteen miles away. Its proportions are so perfect that no idea can be had of its size or the distance away.

The proprietor of the hotel told me to begin on Mount Rosa which was much easier. But that didn't impress me much. It was just back of the hotel, across a deep glacier, and looked near enough to hit the top from where we stood. He said it would take almost all day to get to it. I could not believe it was so far until I looked through one of the huge telescopes and saw at the foot a large house which could not be seen with the naked eye.

The glacier, which looked the width of a city street, proved to be a mile wide. And what we thought were footprints on it were great ice caverns. These, you have to climb into and out of by chopping steps, and altogether the difficulties were so great and fatiguing that I decided that climbing the Alps was not in my line. I am not in the condition that I was when I was in the army.

The place was hugely interesting for a short time, but it's not pleasant. The picture cards only show the white peaks, but looking down it is cold and clammy. You see a vast waste of gray cliffs, no vegetation,—not even a blade of grass. Threatening black crags and dark places, yawning chasms and rocky passes full of weirdness and mystery.

I hurried back to Zermatt on the next car. The Matterhorn, in my opinion, is still the proudest peak in the Alps; but next time I will be content to see it from below as it is much more imposing from there.

I had left a part of my baggage at Terretet, as I was to pass through there on my return, but now I found that my train only stopped there a minute. If I got off to get it, I would lose my train; and if I didn't, I would lose my baggage. I consulted the conductor. He was not at all worried about it. He asked for my baggage check. At Terretet we stopped less than a minute, but when I looked out the window there was my bag being handed on by a stranger. The conductor presented it to me as if it were an everyday occurrence, and it probably is. Along with a lot of other good qualities of the Swiss people is efficiency and a desire to please. Twenty-five cents, or equivalent, was all that the whole thing required including tips and checking charge. He had telephoned ahead to have the bag sent to the train. They certainly are a wonderful people. Switzerland is a modest and well-governed country. They never get mixed up in the quarrels of Europe and are always at peace. There are no poor at all. Everybody has some means of livelihood—and their charges are reasonable.

(To be continued)

BE CAREFUL, COZZ

New York City

Editor of "Doings":

Would you please let Lyman B. Cozzens know through YANKEE DOINGS that I was particularly interested in his description of the little brown eyed girl in Toul who laughed at all his attempts to speak her native tongue. I had a similar experience while in Toul two years ago and I would hazard a guess that Buddy Cozzens was floating around L'Hotel de L'Europe.

CHARLES J. QUINN.

A. P. O. 709

Recently GEORGE D. CHAPMAN left for Fort Meyer, Va., to join the 3d Cavalry Band, U. S. Army. Mr. Chapman was the organizer and leader of the first YD Veterans' Band, resigning the leadership to re-enter the army at this time on a three years' re-enlistment. Special authority was received from the Adjutant General of the U. S. A. for his enlistment in Boston.

When Chapman went through the recruit camp at Fort Strong last August the following ex-YD men were with him:

WM. HUGHES (Batt. E, 103d F. A.), going to the 15th U. S. Infantry in China.

CLIFFORD BUSH (Supply Co., 101st Inf.), going to the 15th U. S. Infantry in China.

GEORGE A. LEPAGE (Supply Co., 102d F. A.), going to U. S. Infantry in Texas.

HERBERT C. CARLSON (Batt. C, 103d F. A.), going to Artillery in Panama.

We've received a communication from EDWARD HARTNETT, Yuma, Ariz., who wishes to be reinstated and he hopes to get all the Arizona boys on the membership list. He enclosed a picture of a "Sidedoor Pullman" in the American Legion Parade held in Yuma this past summer.

Dr. SCHUYLER R. WALLER, Engineer Train, has just returned from a trip to Alaska, and in a future issue we hope to be favored with some of the sidelights of the trip.

BURTON HARRINGTON (103d F. A.) writes from Chicago. He has been away from New England five years and wonders if the Y. D. V. A. has become an all-Massachusetts organization. "Have the YD boys in other States crawled into their holes and pulled them in after them?" he inquires. Just to prove his own innocence, he sends in an entry for the prize contest published elsewhere, and another which will appear next month. He likes "Through Old Sectors," and hopes that DOINGS will develop into a second "Home Sector."

BATTERY "A" BARRAGE

BEN JAMES was able to collect a "few news" during the early part of the evening at the annual get-together of the Battery, which was held at Louis' on September 26. They say it was a wholly satisfactory party from every point of view, even from under the table.

HARRY C. GOODWIN of Winchester reports arrival of David Hill Goodwin on September 9.

WHITELAW WRIGHT recently lost his father. He claims two recruits for the future Battery A.

(Ed. Note.—Getting down to the bottom of Ben's notes, they're harder to read. Must have been taken later in the evening.)

ARTHUR FARRAR came the longest distance to attend the party—from Windsor, Vermont.

HAROLD PARKER was in charge of the affair and, while there were no speeches, there was plenty of entertainment.

YD AUXILIARY

The first executive board meeting of the season was held on September 5th. The regular meeting was held on the 10th and the members were glad to welcome back their faithful president, Mrs. Francis, who, after an extended trip through the West and Alaska, had many interesting experiences to relate.

On September 24th, the monthly sewing meeting took place.

The Auxiliary is indebted to the Sewing Committee and House Committee for covering the furniture with cotton cloth, thereby preserving the upholstering and making the room comfortable during the summer months.

Members of the Auxiliary are working very hard to make their miscellaneous booth at Uncle Sam's Market Place a success. Nothing is too large or too small to be acceptable. Articles should be left at the YD Clubhouse, plainly marked. On account of Uncle Sam's Market Place the October meeting was held on September 26th and the regular meeting on October 1st. The next sewing meeting will be held on October 29th.

A great gala event for the Auxiliary to benefit its treasury will be the Harvest Sale, Supper and Dance to be held at the clubhouse on Saturday, November 22.

The group chairmen of the committees are arranging a delightful affair for the day and evening.

Mrs. Mary Lynch, famous as a supper hostess, assures the success of this feast. Mrs. Will Lawrence's committee will provide "Sweets for the Sweet."

Mrs. Snape will have a utility booth of fancy and useful articles, aprons, etc. Cooked food will be in charge of Mrs. Allen Smith and the dance will be in charge of the Auxiliary entertainment committee.

—MRS. F. L. COBURN, *Chairman*

CONGRATULATIONS

THOMAS M. OLSEN (Co. B, 101st Inf.) was married on September 28 to Miss Dorothy Lindsey at Nantasket, Mass. After a motor tour of New England, the newlys will settle down at Hull.

EDWARD J. NELSON, genial Eddie, the confirmed batch, erstwhile of Hq. Troop, Quincy, YD Club of Boston and way stations, has gone and done it. Miss Betty Angus of Rochester, N. Y., is the lady who made Eddie see the error of his way. It happened August 20. They are living at 44 Garden Street, Hartford. Eddie invites you all to call, as he doesn't expect to bowl on Bill Mulhall's team this winter.

LYMAN LEHRBURGER, Jr. (Co. D, 101st Engrs.) announces a son, born in September.

G. C. TINGLEY, (Train Hq.) and Miss Judith D. Kirby were married in Middletown, Conn. on August 16, 1924.

103rd INFANTRY ITEMS

At the recent convention of the Legion at Waterville a number of former 26th Division men were in evidence as usual. "AL" GREENLAW was re-elected delegate to the National Convention, this being the regular course of procedure, as he has been to every convention since the first one which was held at Paris.

COLONEL TOWNE, the retiring State Commander, was presented with a watch.

Sgt. BILL JONES (Hdq. Co.) was elected Sergeant-at-Arms. Bill is one of the wealthy plumbers of Waterville.

Postmaster A. A. WEATHERBEE (M. G. Co.) came all the way from Lincoln.

Sgt.-Major JIM McMAHON covered the meetings for the local daily. He has put on about forty pounds since retiring from the army.

MAX STODDARD (Supply Co. and Co. I) of the War Veterans' Bureau was on hand as per usual.

Col. FRANK M. HUME spent two days at the convention, but business called and he had to leave.

Col. ROY MARSTON kept things on the move while he was there.

Our old friend GREGORY KELLEY (Dispatch Rider) enjoyed the convention. He is still working for his Uncle Samuel, and slings a mail pack every day.

JOHN HOPKINS, of the Medics, is in Augusta conducting his tonsorial parlors. He makes a specialty of bobbed heads. He says he still keeps on "this side" of the river.

Sgt. FELIX LeCLAIR (Co. H) looked as per usual. Time does not seem to change some of the boys.

JAMES O. GRAY (M. G. Co.), the pride of Lincoln, swings a wicked clipper as he, too, has a YD barber shop.

RALPH and CHARLIE STEVENS (M. G. Co.) have a tailoring shop in Calais, Maine.

Sgt.-Major ENID CARRIER (Hdq. Co.) is still located at Rumford where he is behind the bars (in the bank).

Sgt. ROBERT WEYMOUTH of Dover-Foxcroft looks as big and husky as ever, as does CAPTAIN NORTON.

ALTON SHOREY (Co. F) and WALTER LESSARD (Co. E) did not miss much at the convention. Walter journeyed all the way from Skowhegan (the garden spot of America.)

"SKINNY" HAZELTINE (Hdq. Band), the guy who slides a wicked trombone, suspended operations in his hardware store in Pittsfield for the day and came over to see the bunch.

Sgt. FRED SHAW (M. G. Co.) is working this winter in Lewiston.

Sgt. JOHN BOWLER (Co. C, later 2d Lieut. in 2d Division) has organized a Headquarters Company in Auburn and made a very creditable showing in the recent inspection at the Lewiston Armory.

LLOYD CALDERWOOD (M. G. Co.) shoots the bull for the Armour Company these days.

We all sympathize with HARRY CAIL (M. G. Co.) of Hill, N. H., in his recent loss of Mrs. Cail who passed away early in September.

Send all 103d news items to E. K. HALE, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

After five years' living in Pittsburgh, (FRED L. "Okie") O'CONNOR has returned to the Boston office of the American Metal Hose Company at 201 Devonshire Street. Okey is looking well and says it seems good to be back among humans again.

On Saturday, September 27, DANIEL H. FREEMAN and Miss Beatrice Brennan were married at the Sacred Heart Church in Watertown, the reception being held at Riverbank Court. After a honeymoon in the Adirondacks and Montreal by automobile, Dan and his frau will reside in Lexington Manor, Lexington, Mass.

REGG JONES reports that he and his bride had only one pleasant day while they were on their honeymoon. That certainly was tough luck, but of course when one honeymoons, one cares naught for the weather!

It was just seven years ago October 5 that we landed in St. Nazaire. We sighted land that morning at 8.15 and arrived at the lock at 8 p.m., being docked alongside the *Finland* at 8.55 p.m. Well do I remember the first auto we saw,—it was a Ford! A dog was the first animal we spied, and we gave them both some great cheering. In looking over my diary, I find that on October 2 I wrote, . . . this ship (*Antilles*) is a regular Monte Carlo, Jr." Need I say more?

While in St. Nazaire, we had about an equal amount of rain and sunshine.

It was on the 14th that the non-coms left for Gondrecourt, and the rest of us left on the 17th for Neufchateau. A year later on October 1, while in St. Mihiel Woods with the 101st Infantry, we heard that the Bank of Germany had failed and that the British had taken Ostend. On the 6th a bulletin was issued that "Germany desires to make peace on American terms and quit invaded territory." On October 20, Zeebrugge was being evacuated. Those surely were the happy days!

While in the woods near the Grand Tranchee, a commissary truck looked mighty good to us and I know that " . . . by the time the officers got all they wanted there was very little left for us . . . " Anyway, that is the way we felt after standing in line from three to five hours!

I will never forget the evening of the 13th while in Faubourg-Pave, a suburb of Verdun, how happy the good news of peace made us feel,—especially the French soldiers. They were jumping around, hollering, yelling, kissing and hugging one another and shouting "*La Guerre est fini!*" It all sounded very good, but they felt differently the next day, for that night and the day following, we were shelled pretty badly and after that they were telling a different story.

"BONUS" SERVICE

Thousands of veterans have been assisted in filling out Adjusted Compensation applications by the staff of the YD Club of Boston. If you have not yet filed yours, drop in and get the matter off your chest at once. If you live too far away, write for a blank and instructions. This invitation applies to all veterans.

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

TOM OLSEN of Headquarters Company, who is the chief electrician of the Boston District Office of the Veterans' Bureau, has taken unto himself a wife who was formerly a Hull girl. In addition to his duties as finance officer of his post of the American Legion, Tom will now try to be a good husband.

"PADDY" FORD, formerly of F Company and since the war a sturdy guardian of the law in Lawrence, Mass., has also become a benedict. Everybody's doing it!

From Albuquerque, New Mexico—to which locality several YD members are thinking of migrating—comes the news that "PETE" CUNNINGHAM, formerly of F Company, is doing well as an agent of the Occidental Life Insurance Company. "Pete" left these parts five years ago and has accumulated a wife and prosperity in the Golden Southwest.

COLONEL LOGAN, or rather General (we can't get out of the habit of calling him by a more familiar title) has just arrived home from Europe where he spent a short vacation with Mrs. Logan.

FRANK HARRINGTON, of the Supply Company, may be seen by any pedestrian or motorist who looks sharply, in the uniform of the Boston police, directing traffic at the corner of School and Washington Streets, Boston.

It may be interesting for members of K Company to know that AMASA ("Beansie") GROVENOR married the widow of his war-time buddy, Roger Borland, who was killed while leading his squad over in the Argonne. To our way of thinking a more ideal union, born of a common sorrow, cannot be imagined.

"PHIL" SOUSA, "AL" BARNARD and "CHARLIE" WELSH, top-notch bowlers of the YD league two years ago—when great rivalry existed on account of the organization plan of competition, under which different outfits in the Division placed a team in the field—call upon all 101st Infantrymen who can bowl to send their names in to S. C. SOUSA, YD Club, or telephone the Club, and information will be furnished them of the first meeting of the candidates. Come on, boys, let's show them we can bowl!

JAMES A. CRESSWELL.

COURTESY ALWAYS

On one occasion, a passenger wrote complaining that travelling in a Pullman, he had been unable to sleep because of the fact that he was not the only inhabitant of the berth. In a few days he received a letter from the vice-president of the road, expressing the deepest regret, and assuring the complainant that it was the first time such a thing had ever happened on that line.

The passenger was very pleased with the courtesy and promptness of the line until he noticed a small slip of paper in the envelope. Taking it out he read memo, initialed by the vice-president, which had obviously not been intended to be sent out of the company's offices. It read: "Send this —fool the 'bed bug letter.'"

COMPETITION FOR COZZENS

On the 20th of January the train left me at Gudmont, and as I had nearly two hours to wait, I went across the road and had lunch at the Cafe de la Gare, and afterwards walked up the hill to the town where many of you found beds that night in the winter of 1918.

At 2.30, the train left for Bettaincourt and to all appearances it was the same engine and cars that took us up before. After much blowing of horns and yelling, we got started and as we wound through the country it began to come back to me. When we arrived at Doulaincourt, it started to rain, and when I left the train at Bettaincourt it was pouring. My host met me and we walked to his house and, believe me, the town hadn't changed at all.

The first thing we did after leaving my bag was to go up the street to the Cafe on the corner—where the first squad lived—and have a drink. It looked just the same, even the automatic piano was there and was still working, although it sounded as if it had caught cold. Word had got around that I was there and people began to come in and ask for Sergeant Hayes, Spencer, Lieutenant Warner and the great big man, Edwards. I gave them such news of you as I could, and they all sent their best regards to you.

I'm sorry to say that the Mayor had died, and a number of other people, but those who remembered us were most kind and if any of D Company should go to France, be sure and arrange to stop at Bettaincourt as you will surely get a royal welcome.

As I said before, the town hadn't changed much. In fact, it hadn't changed at all if the room Eddie Walker and I had was an example, because there on the mantle-piece was an empty, dust-covered box of "snake-charmer" cigarettes we had put there in '18! The barracks we put up are still there, though sadly in need of repair and are used for all kinds of purposes,—some for store-houses and the one near the station is now a carpenter shop.

—GEORGE CURTIS

TAPS

EUGENE CURRIER, formerly of the 103d Field Artillery, died at the Maine General Hospital, Westbrook, as a result of an electric shock received while at his work.

THOMAS J. (Coky) FOLEY, formerly of Company I, 101st Infantry, died at Rutland, Mass., September 18, 1924. More than one hundred men, in uniform, attended the funeral.

LOUIS J. KING died on September 11, 1924, at the Rutland Hospital where he had been a patient since being gassed. He was formerly of F Company, 101st Infantry.

JOHN WILLIAM NUGENT, formerly of D Company, 101st Engineers, died Aug. 13, 1924.

GEORGE DYER, formerly of D Company, 101st Engineers, died September 11.

WILLIAM LESTER POLLOCK, (B Co., 104th Inf.), died suddenly October 1, 1924, in Springfield, Mass.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

BUZZINGS OF "B"

VERN HITCHINS, who is guilty of anything you find under this head, has apparently suffered from a bad attack of conscience. After not sending in anything for two and a half blue moons, he comes to hand with a middling sized book, hoping it won't be too much trouble to print it. Rest easy, Vern, you'll have time to do your Christmas shopping. It'll take at least three numbers to dispose of these Buzzings. Here goes for a starter.

"EDDIE" CLEVELAND has decided to continue the *guerre*, having taken unto himself one Dorothy Bolling of Brockton. It beats all how these chaps can convince their home stock to take the leap.

"JACK" COUNTY is still building roads but they tell us, at a little more than $1.25 per day. Don't be such a stranger, Jack.

"SPENCE" ROSS must travel all over the country in his architectural endeavors, for he sends in news items about the fellows from all parts of Massachusetts. Keep it up, Spence.

"STUEY" NELSON is travelling for a wholesale grocer and between trips sleeps in Norwood. (Norwood, by the way, is in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, U. S. A., by annexation.)

JOHN FOLEY made his yearly trip from Springfield to Boston. Looks the same as ever and still has his "Italian" accent. He made mention that our old "fighting" lieutenant, ROB'T A. NORRIS, D.S.C., (by request) is still three thousand miles away from the home town (Springfield).

We heard that "HERBIE" MUERLING has severed connections with the Capital City Shoe Company. Drop us a line, Herbie, and let us know what you are doing.

Our "top-kick," COUZENS, is looking around to invest his capital, in probably the automobile line. 'Atta boy, Couzzie.

You all remember "POP" HOLLOWAY'S songster, WALTER MACINTOSH. Well, Walter has gone half way, for cards are out announcing the engagement of said Walter MacIntosh to Miss Yoke.

"JIM" SWEENEY is keeping up with the times in his new Chrysler six.

Col. "HI" LANDON sure gave a fine talk about his prison escapade, at the Smoker. We couldn't help but smile in our reminiscences, for Hi was a great boy for double time. (In case we might get taken prisoner?)

ECHOS OF "E"

The vacation season isn't a very good time for getting dope on our staid old veterans, so this will be rather an emaciated column.

ART SMITH took us to task for merely giving him credit for a daughter in our last issue. The real facts of the case—and we got them from Art himself and he ought to know—are that he has two boys who are doing very nicely down in Montclair.

CHARLIE HURTER made a pilgrimage up through Maine and ran across HOD GERRY whose address is now R.F.D. No. 2, Kezar Falls.

FRANK MACKENNA also motored up that way, but we haven't received a complete report of his trip yet.

Last heard of OKIE O'CONNOR he was up in Colebrook, N. H., eight miles from the Canadian border and not a machine in sight to cover those long eight miles.

While one of our editors was in New York in July he called up Main 9395, which was supposed to be DOC GARRETT'S number, but apparently the Doc was out or hadn't paid his telephone bill, or something, because he was absolutely no help in time of need.

BILL BUXTON was up Boston way early in August when he brought his wife and son up for the summer.

We hope you have had pleasant vacations and that you have come back full of pep and desirous of backing up the E Company slogan, "*Let's stick together.*"

FANCIES OF "F"

Just learned that Francis Joseph, Jr., arrived on August 21 to take command at the home of Mr. and Mrs. FRANCIS J. STEVENS.

For the greater part of the year the only F Company men we meet or hear about are those around Boston. And when one remembers that we had men from forty-six States, we wonder whether the name "F Co." still means as much to those men we haven't seen since the spring of 1919 as it does to us here.

The circularizing of "The Story of F Company" has been carried into every corner of the country; and aside from the prompt arrival of subscriptions, the most satisfying feature has been the letters accompanying the money—letters which show an eagerness to renew contact with the company and a lasting interest in the doings of former buddies.

LIEUTENANT CONDIT writes from Pasadena, Calif., "Shoot the 'Volumes' as quick as you can. It'll be hard work waiting for them."

HERBERT ("Woodrow") WILSON sends his check from Sanford, Maine.

KLUGE, down in Montclair, N. J., says, "Here are the three bucks,—let's go. I'm looking forward eagerly to receiving my copy."

DICK JOHNSON comes through from South Braintree with his contribution.

WILLIAM BURGESS'S letter is post-marked Buffalo, N. Y. He says, "Ask Ex. Sgt. MAHONEY what the three 'F's' stand for. I believe it must be an ex-service man printing the book or it wouldn't be so reasonable."

HAP KENDALL, now of Fort Wayne, Ind., rises to remark that he's "with us all the way."

A couple of local boys: TED SHELDON'S jack comes from Cambridge; LESTER GROCOTT'S from Melrose. "Groky" says, "Let me know if I can be of any assistance."

GLEASON ALLEN writes, "Here are my six dollars. It is the only way I can show my appreciation of your good work."

Mrs. Mary D. Mahoney asks the committee to send a copy to FRANCIS M. MAHONEY who is laid up, for the time being, at Rutland, Mass.

MAJOR NEILSON says, "Here's 'How' to you and F Co." The major's check was the first received.

FRANK J. OLNEY, Proctor, Vt., sends his three iron men for "the most wonderful history ever published by man, the 'History of F Co.'"

CARROLL SWAN says, "Your appeal is a corker. Can't resist it, so hasten to enclose check for three simolions."

JOHN T. SULLIVAN comes to bat from Dorchester, Mass., and C. F. HIGGINBOTHAM from Salem.

CHRISTOPHER L. ZIZ writes from DeLisle, Miss., "I am glad it is finished. I have been waiting for it for a long time. Always glad to read anything about the old company."

E. L. KENSETH is in Mamoroneck, N. Y. He says, "I am looking forward to spending an evening with feet on the mantel going through the war again, *de luxe* fashion."

CY MERRIAM'S check comes from Baltimore. He excuses his delay because of the arrival of Constance Fuller Merriam on July 6.

"LAURY" CLUFF says, "I shall look forward to reading the story of the best company in the regiment." There's an unbiased opinion,—Laury was in the medicos.

WILLIAM L. CLARKE comes through from Elysian, Minn., to remark, "Hope you're all well. Wish I could see some of the old bunch again."

The "Story of F Company" is promised for distribution by October 25. See AL DAY, 1 Washington St., Boston.

We're off to see the State of Maine boys again. Tell you about them next month.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

SPRINGFIELD UNIT, 104th

The Springfield Unit turned out, with the new unit colors, on Defence Day.

The first dozen of the new issue 104th Rings have been mailed. Applications should be sent in at once to J. W. ARMESON, State Armory, Springfield, chairman of the ring committee.

The annual services at the regimental monument, Camp Bartlett, Westfield, will be held November 11. All veterans of the regiment are invited, and it is hoped that more than ever will be present. There will be a firing squad and buglers. The wreath will be placed by "Pop" Fales and "Mike" Ford. Uniforms will be worn, if possible.

A monument committee, W. P. Forrest, Andy Shea and Joe Bowler, is working to beautify the surroundings by placing stone posts with ornamental chains and concrete walks.

A rousing meeting of the Unit was held October 1, at which several important items of business were transacted.

Members of the Unit are certainly prominent in the local Legion and V. F. W. posts; in fact, the list of officers of those posts reads like a roster of the 104th.

GREATER BOSTON UNIT, 104th

The Unit held its first monthly meeting of the season at the YD Club of Boston on September 25. Many new faces were there, and the old guard hasn't weakened a bit.

At the next meeting it is hoped to have a joint session with the 101st Field Artillery. We will fight Apremont all over, and possibly start something moving on a real history of that battle,—a project that has been wanted by everyone in the two regiments and, in fact, by everyone in the Division. Notices will be sent (if the Adjutant has your address).

The Unit has offered to take on the November Smoker of the YD Club. That mysterious scheme, mentioned last month, looked so good to those at the October 25th meeting that it was unanimously decided to let the whole division in on it. If you are one of those who pass up the Unit meetings, you will have to remain in ignorance until then.

At the next meeting, the Mural Painting Commission has been invited to report progress. Plans will also be laid for the first annual unit dinner, which will be held during the winter season.

NELSON (Nellie) PATCHETT (M.G.Co.) was married to Miss Grace Burke at Malden, Mass., September 24.

AND DOWN SOUTH—

Within the body of a Rebel there rests the heart of a true New England Yankee. And on the lapel of his coat is a bronze YD button which formerly adorned my own. To make room for it, he removed the emblem of a very exclusive order of which he and ninety-nine others comprise the entire membership.

Many who read this will remember that Yankee Rebel, BOB DURHAM, at one time Lieutenant Durham in command of the 102d Ambulance Company. I ran into Bob accidentally in the heart of the all too sunny Southland. We lived again for one wonderful evening for the glory of the old YD. I had been away from home a whole month, while Bob had been an exile since he said good-by early in 1919. Hadn't seen a YD man since! Both before and after a fine meal the old outfit was toasted in real Southern fashion. For down there they have plenty of material to practice with. In fact, Bob can import genuine cognac from New Orleans—and does.

Besides holding down an important office in the Legion, Bob is in charge of the disabled veterans of the State. Nor can he keep out of politics for, like all rebels, he is a Democrat to his very soul. Married, too (like all good vets), but nothing in particular to report. He sends regards to you all, and if you are within one hundred miles of Columbia, S. C., and pass him up, you'll miss the best stocked cellar south of the Mason-Dixon line. If you write, Columbia will reach him. Everyone in the town knows Bob.

—JOHN E. HARRISS.

FROM A YANK'S DIARY

Southampton—

Charlie has found a dame by the name of Peggy who lives in Portswood. Every night he borrows Mac's bandsman's belt and goes over to see her. One night he was sitting on the curb of a fountain with her, and leaning back, toppled in. The first we knew of it was when he came in about ten p.m., dripping wet and swearing beautifully, to the immense disgust of Mac and me who had turned in. We lay to and cussed him in relays until we fell asleep from weakness. Our flow of language so tickled Charlie that he forgot all his troubles and even stopped making up his bunk to listen.

The last man in at night has a job cut out for him to find space enough to squeeze in and spread out his eight blankets. He is sure to wake somebody and then the concert begins, everybody swearing in unison. Mac and I bunk together, thus having six blankets under us and ten over us. It's none too many, for mornings the hoar frost is thick on the grass.

* * *

We have got safely moved, tent and all, to a dry spot. These days are not marked by any particular incident, but are a series of glorious good times.

A typical day is about as follows. About 7.30 two men, usually Bill for one, go up to the cook shack to draw breakfast for the bunch. Mac, no matter how deeply asleep he has been a moment before, is wide awake as soon as chow appears, and commences hunting among the blankets for his mess gear. Nine chances out of ten he can't find it or it is dirty, and he howls for someone to loan him a cup or a fork, asking all the time if the coffee has any sugar in it, and for someone to pour him out some, never once getting out from under the blankets, however.

Breakfast over with, we have a little chance to clean up before the marine sergeant shows up, yelling, "Everybody out in five minutes." Usually adding, "Come on, you —— —— National Guardsmen!" We choose one man to stay in the tent and keep the fire going, Mac volunteers to answer "Here" for him, and we turn out and line up, endeavoring to get into the rear rank. As soon as we answer to our names, we ease out of line behind one of the tents or into the woods.

If this does not work, we are marched up the hill and examined for measles. Then we are split up into details and have to police the camp, dig drains or something else. At any rate, we usually slide back to the tent before the first half-hour is over, never forgetting to bring home any fuel we see lying around.

In the afternoon perhaps we have some washing to do, some wood to split, or something else that keeps us busy for our own benefit. Yesterday Charlie and I caught a cow; I held her while Charlie milked her. A British M. P. came along and I saw the brig ahead for both of us. He only gave us the devil, however, claiming that no man in the British Army would think of doing such a thing. No doubt.

But in spite of the marines these are glorious days,—clear, sunshiny days, with the leaves turning and the woods a-sparkle with glistening holly berries; crisp moonlight nights with numerous trips down-town, sometimes to a show, nearly always to some quaint English eating place, with their homelike atmosphere and good solid, tasty food; brisk hikes home by moonlight, a slice of bread and jam by a flickering candle, a last smoke, stories or songs, and to bed under copious blankets, to watch the glowing wo embers change and grow pale.

What do we see there, the past or the future? latter, what were the stories it told?

* * *

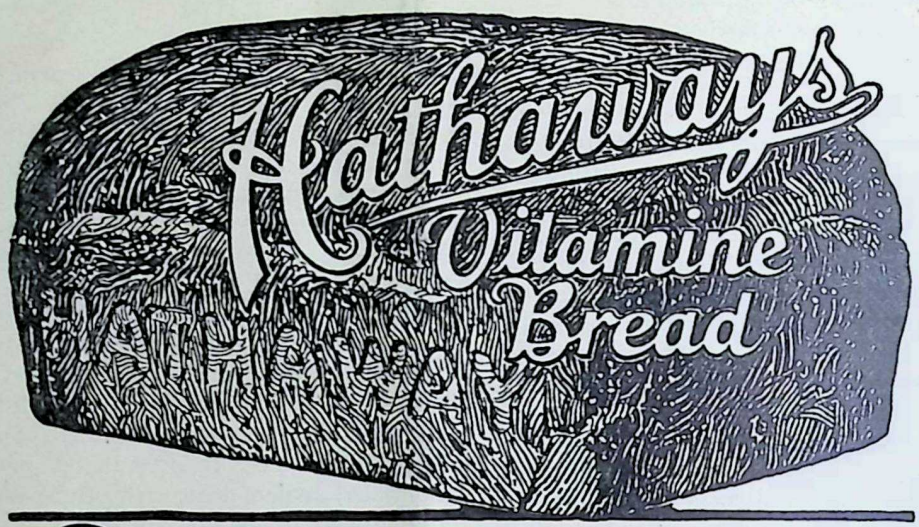
(Written later). None, thank God, saw death. Two perhaps, if they were canny, wounds: one on the field o battle, the other by a sad accident. Or, if their minds were in a happier mood, two saw awaiting sergeancies; one, a corporalcy; one, a cook's rolling kitchen (or can-opener); one, the seat of a mule wagon, plodding up a shell-pitted road; one, a place in the sun as a member of the band; and ye humble scribe, that most glorious of all army positions, a first-class privacy;—but each, if his eyes held the gift of truth, could see as the last spark died, that it held the promise of again seeing his own fireside.

NEXT SMOKER

Thursday, October 30th

DON'T MISS IT

(Attractions to be announced later)



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